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OR, THE
RUMPS
FUNERALL SERMON,

Held forth by Mr. *Feak* to a Conventicle of Fanatiques at *Bedlam* upon the last Dissolution of the *Half quarter Parliament.*

Printed, In the Year. 1660.

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The Rumps Funerall Sermon, &c.

Beloved Friends,

WHat I ſhall hold forth unto you at this time, ſhall be grounded upon a Proverbiall ſaying (being ſomething pat to our preſent purpoſe) taken out of a little Book called *Sententiæ Pueriles* in the Language of the Beaſt, and according to our *Vulgar* Tranſlation (that is our Engliſh Tongue) *Boyiſh or Childiſh Sentences*, or ſayings meet for Children, though I muſt confeſs it is one of the higheſt Authors I ever read when I was a School Boy: for you muſt know that I never came to be a *Hunter* or *holder forth* of thoſe miſteries which concerne the welbeing of our Souls by Humane learning, but by the dictates and guidance of the Spirit: But Beloved, I am ſo eager in following the Spirit, that I had almoſt forgot to tell you the words of my Text, which are theſe, *Arcus Nimis intenſus Rumpitur*, which you may Engliſh thus, *A Bow which is too much bent is Rumped or broken.* For it is all one: *Broken* is as much as to ſay *Rumped*, and *Rumped* is as much as to ſay *Broken*: though I muſt needs ſay *Rumped* is a ſtrange word, yet it is derived from the Verb *Rumpo*, which ſignifies to break; as for example, *tu Rumperis* thou ſhalt be *Rumped*, as ye have it in a Book of our dear Brethren the *Quakers* called the *Latine Battle Deare*. Now my

Friends, It being committed to me to ſpeak the laſt words that are likely to be ſpoken in behalf of the Lady *Rump*, whoſe Funerall rites we are now to ſolemnize, I made choyce of theſe words, as being very pertinent to the matter in hand, not only in a Literall, but alſo in a Metaphoricall ſence.

But before I come to the diviſion of the words, I think it not amiſs to explayne unto you the meaning of theſe two words *Literall* and *Metaphoricall*. For the firſt, *Literall* comes from *Litera* a letter, and the meaning of it is *plaine*, down-*right* without any myſticall or hard ſignification, as for inſtance, *Rumpa Rumpitur, the Rump is Rumped or broken*, this is down right, *and plain as a Pike Staff*. But for the word Metaphoricall (beloved) it comes from the Greek word *μετα*—— I cannot hit out now, but 'tis no matter ſo long as I can tell you what it meanes, which is *the expreſſing one thing by another by way of Similitude or reſemblance*, and is called a figurative kind of ſpeech: As herein my Text under the word *Bow* may be Comprehended *Rump*: Now you will ſay that there is no Compariſon or likeneſs betwixt them, but I ſhall make it appear there is. And, to cutt my Text into three particles or pieces, 1. Here is a *thing* that is a *Bow*, 2 *The over uſe* of this *Thing*; *too much bent*: 3. the effect that follows, it is *Rumped* or broken. Now there are divers ſorts of *Bows* as a ſhort *Bow* and a long *Bow*, a Croſs *Bow* and a Stone *Bow*, *&c.*: And there is none of theſe *Bows* but with too much bending will ſoon be *Rumped* or broken. But I hold it convenient to diſcover unto you in what particulars Mrs. *Rump* (the Subject of our diſcourſe) may be compared to a *Bow*. Firſt, A *Bow* is always crooked, ſo was Mrs. *Rump* of a moſt crooked and perverſe Nature, whoſe Conditions you may ſee in our Treatiſe called the *Rumps Character*. Secondly, A *Bow* for all 'tis a crooked and hurtfull Engine is many times covered with a Caſe of Velvet: Even ſo Mrs. *Rump* was wont to palliate her wicked and Deviliſh deſigns under a ſpecious pretence of Religion and Conſcience. Thirdly, A *Bow* hath Hornes at each end: ſo hath the *Rump* good ſtore, though they are not viſible.

4. Since a bow when too much bent is broken; So our dear *Rump* being over acted and too much ſtreſſed was eaſily broken.

ken. There is an English proverb, *I will bring him to my bow*, that is, I will wholly over top him, and I will subjugate his will to mine, not much unlike the usual saying of a sister, who was wont to domineer over her poor Cukoldly Husband, crying, *Sirrah come to thy Booſy*: Then would he put his head betwixt his wifes thighes while ſhe cudgeld his *Rump*. Now to apply this, did not even Mrs. *Rump* the ſame? Did ſhe not bring *John Lambert* for all he ſwitcht and ſpurd hard, thinking to unhorſe her, with *Vain, Huſon, Berry, &c. to her Bow* (or if you will) *her Booſy*. You may read in the Hiſtory of the *Knight of the Sun*, and *Palmerin de Oliva* of certain Statues and Pictures of Gyants in Inchanted Caſtles which guarded the Gates or Entrances with *Bows* in their hands, and by the Magicians Art could kill and ſlay the Aſſaylants when they miſdoubted no harm: Truly my Friends, our *Mrs. Rump* was not altogether ignorant of Art Magick, but (like *Old Noll*) ſhe could diſcover her moſt ſecret enemies, and (as it were) inſenſibly and unexpectedly revenge himſelf upon e'm. She could rob the Nation of her Treaſures (as *Guſman* rob'd his maſter chefts of ſweet meats) and in the mean time cry out againſt injuſtice and oppreſſion. But ſhe is now become as a *broken bow*, ſhe is indeed *Rumped* by two much ſtretching or bending. The *General* was too rough with her, ſo that ſhe was not able to hold any longer; wherefore in her is fulfilled the words of my text, *Arcus meus intenſus Rumpitur*.

And now we come to Application, which ſince it is ſo, it may ſerve in the firſt place to teach us not to repoſe too much truſt or confidence in our *Bow*; that is, our ſtrength or power, in regard it may ſoon periſh, and come to nothing, as you ſee Mrs. *Rump*, ſhe is a *Bow* over-ſtretcht, and therefore broken.

Secondly, we may learn hence, to be cautious of letting go our hold, and truſting our *Bow*, out of our hands in lending it to thoſe that make uſe of it to our own deſtruction, as Miſtreſs *Rump* did, and (welladay) was rumped for her labour.

Thirdly, We may take notice that the fall of Mrs. *Rump* was ſhortly after the time that ſhe was firſt ſo called, which name of

Rump

Rump was an undoubted *Omen*, that she should soon after be *Rumped*, or broken. But now we are come to speak of her Name, it will be necessary to render you the Reason why she was so called, which is briefly thus: She was the *Refuse*, *Rag-end*, or *Tayl of the Long Parliament*, and therefore very fitly, and properly, merited the title of *Rump*: Now she cannot be called so litterally, but in a Metaphorical sence, no more than *Will. Lilly* may be called an Ape, or an Owle, which he is not, but by way of Allegory. And so Mistress *Rump* is really no more a *Rump*, than Sir *Robert Osbornes* ragged Colt was a Sturgeon: and he was as much a Sturgeon, as *Marchamont Needham* is the States Intelligencer: And now I think ont, 'tis great pity he employed not his Pen in an *Elegy*, or *Panegyrick*, to the Memory of his Deceased Mistress, of whose favours, in all reason, he should have been mindfull, as well as of *John Bradshawes*: But he would fain face about once again, since he begins to write for the *Cavaliers*. He is like a Cat, that (throw him which way you will) still light on his feet; but let him passe. I must acknowledge, beloved, that I have somewhat digressed from my subject matter, but that is no strange thing with me, or any of the Saints whom the world stiles *Phanaticks*. And truly (my brethren) I cannot mislike of the terme, for (that you may know I have some Greek) the word *Phanatick* (if I mistake not) comes from φαινω, which the *Popes* language renders *Ostendo*, and in English signifies *to shew*. That is, to give light to those that sit in *Egyptian* Darkenesse, and Popish ignorance. And indeed we have shewed the people of *England* such lights as they never heard of before. Furthermore my beloved the death of our dear Mistris should be unto every one of us both matter of Humiliation, and also of Exultation, of mourning and rejoycing: this you'l say is a Paradox; why so it is, but I think you do not know what a Paradox is, mark and I shall tell you, *a Paradox is the reconcilement of contraries, or the uniting of seeming impossibilities*, and we'le go no further then Mrs. *Rump* to prove it; you may remember I told you, and if I had not told you, I hope none

none of you are so blockish as not to know it (your selves) that *Rump* in its literall acceptation is the tayle: Now for the Tayle to become the Head is a Paradox, and Mrs. *Rump* (you know) was sole Regent for some time amongst us, and therefore our Head.

But to give you some reasons why we should be thus diversly affected for the loss of our *Mrs.* as both to Lament and Rejoyce; I pray consider these words, *the Righteous perish, and none layeth it to heart*: Wherefore we are bound by Religion as well as Naturall affection to bewail the loss of our beloved *Mrs.* But chiefly in Regard that she would have destroyed all Earthly Principalities and Powers among men, suffering no dominion but her own, and so have made a clear way for the comming of our Fift and last Monarch. And for Rejoyceing, let us comfort our selves, that this our *Mrs.* Perished with *Phaeton* in the Chariot of the Sun, she fell from the very Culmen of Honour, which makes her fall more honourable: Culmen is the very spire or top of a Hill, even as the Combe of a Cock is the Crown of his Head. Now it may be you'l think me a Coxcomb to talk thus of Cocks Combs, but they are Coxcombs that think so: for I do it only for illustrations sake, and to make things plain to your dull Aprehensions; But it remaines that I should say something as to the praise of Lady *Rump*.

Why truly my beloved she was both Good and Bad: and this is a Paradox too, but I shall easily prove it to you. As a meere *Rump* she was Good enough, for you can expect no other but think from a *Rump*; but she was a Monstrous head, and therefore bad. Againe, She was Good to her self, and Bad to all else But in some sence she may be said to be good to to the Generality of these three Nations, in regard she hath been a Furnace of Affliction to purifie them, and make them fit for the other world.

But to draw to an end, and come to the *Rump* of Mrs. *Rump*, let me exhort you all (dear Brethren) not to think the worse of any Sisters *Rump*, because the name is become a by-word to Carnall Men and Women, who lately added that to

our deceased *Mrs.* through contempt and derision; but rether prize it the more, and make the best use of it you can, only take heed of *Nimis Intensus*, lest by overworking your *Bow break*, which if it does, you are *Rumped* and there's an end.

FINIS.